

Midnight Madness

by Star Shadow and Dark Stratos

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Summary: A scream from one of the bases wakes all of Blood Gulch in the middle of the night when one soldier just can't take any more.

Red vs Blue. Warning: Slash at the end. We own nothing.

Midnight Madness

Dark Stratos: Well, this is our first Halo fic. I know that should technically be labeled as a Red vs. Blue fic, but we don't give a damn.

Star Shadow: The idea for this came to me at two AM, thus the time in the story.

Dark Stratos: We hope you enjoy the story, and I'm hoping that Star has all these people in character, because I just started watching Red vs. Blue a few days ago at her insistence and I'm still prone to getting the people confused.

Star Shadow: Enjoy!

Disclaimer: Yeah! We, two nineteen-year-old college students who are so close to bordering broke that we can't scrounge up pennies from our couches totally own Microsoft, Bungie and Rooster Teeth . Com. Are you insane? Of course we don't own any of those things. We don't even own an X-box! We have to play our game on a rented one. Don't you dare sue.

Warnings: Mild slash plus general hinting and stupidity.

Midnight Madness

By Star Shadow and Dark Stratos

The words echoed throughout the canyon, waking the sleeping blues and the three sleeping reds.

"I can't take it anymore!"

Simmons let out a squawk as he woke from his very pleasant dream to the feeling of the metal floor of the bunk he shared with Donut under him, his eyes wide as he stared at the advancing private. Now normally, this wouldn't be too frightening a thing, but Donut's eyes were now even more blood shot than they had been earlier that day, his hair in total disarray. Now, he was looking slightly homicidal.

"D-Donut?"

Said private's eye twitched.

"This is going to stop tonight."

"What are youâ€" "

Before he could finish the question, he was being dragged out into the base by the much smaller teen, too afraid to put up a struggle until he realized they were only wearing tank tops and boxer shorts.

"What do you think you're doing? We're almost naked!"

"That's your fault."

"What in the Sam Hell is going on out here?" Sarge demanded, as the duo passed and a rumpled looking Grif emerged from the door next to his.

"Shut up."

The pink private didn't even look at either of them as he passed, making his way to the top of the base with a struggling Simmons, leaving the other two shocked in the hall. The two pulled themselves out of their shock to watch as Donut pulled the other man through the teleporter.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but Grif, get the Warthog."

"But it's two in the morning... I'm tired."

"Now, Dirtbag!"

Grif huffed. "Fine. I'll go find the keys."

Church grumbled, as he stood at the top of Blood Gulch Out Post

Alpha. What the hell were those morons doing, screaming at two AM? He sighed and looked at the others who seemed just as upset at being woken in such a fashion as he adjusted his helmet again. If he weren't in such a bad mood, he might have snickered at what he was seeing.

Tex was in cameo tank and a pair of black shorts, her normally wavy red hair slightly frizzy and sticking up in places, cheek twitching violently, holding a battle rifle at ready. Tucker, who was indeed black, was scowling towards the Red base in only his armor lining with his finger twitching over the trigger of his pistol. And Caboose—well, he looked about ready to strangle someone and managed to look very threatening in only his boxers, blond hair sticking up everywhere.

He himself had only put on his helmet when he had scrambled to the top of the base with the others, and knew he probably looked the most ridiculous of the group as he glared somewhere towards the middle of the canyon in boxers and muscle shirt while holding a sniper rifle.

A light came from the middle of the canyon, and two figures emerged from it. Peering through his scope, he saw an almost feminine blonde figure in pink shorts dragging a brunet in maroon ones towards them.

"Which two?" Tex asked.

"The hell if I know. The fuckers aren't even in armor. It doesn't look like they have anything on them either. God I am so fucking tired!" For some reason, this earned him a twitch from Caboose.

"Here they are," Tucker mumbled irritably.

"What the hell do you want?" Church yelled down at the two, only to be ignored. He raised an eyebrow as the taller of the two started struggling more violently. The smaller man punched his captive in the arm and made some wild gestures to the other before turning to him, never releasing the arm he was holding.

"You all up there?"

"The hell does it matter to you?"

"We're coming up!"

"Donut!" the other squeaked as he was dragged towards the ramp.

"Shut up."

"But—"

"I said shut up, Dick!"

"You know," Tex reasoned, smoothing out her hair, "if he didn't seem so irritable, I'd think this was a trap."

"This is a trap?" Caboose looked at her, almost horrified.

"As I said, 'if he didn't seem so irritable'. Besides, if it was a trap, I don't think Sarge would send his suck up."

Tucker snorted. "Yeah. He definitely would have sent that other guy."

On the other side of the canyon in Red Base, Grif sneezed as he huddled under his sheets trying to get back to sleep as he looked for the keys.

Simmons was almost panicking as Donut pulled him onto the top of the base only to be met with glares.

"How come they're not covered in black stuff?"

"What do you want?" the one in the helmet asked.

Donut turned, still not releasing his arm and dragged him over to the figure before pulling off said helmet to reveal a scowling man in his late twenties with short black hair, a goatee and blue eyes. He froze. Oh God. He looked just like he imagined.

"The hell? Cockbite! What do you think you're doing?" came the outraged cry.

Donut smirked, a malicious glint in his eyes, before grabbing his and the other man's heads and shoving them together.

Time froze as he stepped away, leaving the two engaged in a simple kiss. It didn't take but a few seconds before Church closed his eyes and dropped the sniper rifle before tangling his fingers in the other man's hair as Simmons' hands crept up his chest, the kiss deepening significantly.

"It way too early for this shit," Tucker muttered before he walked back into the base.

Donut turned from the display and to Tex as Church plunged his tongue into Simmons' mouth, pulling a slight moan out of him.

"I don't want to see him until noon," he said, pointing his thumb over his shoulder.

"Do I get paid for this?"

Donut's eye twitched.

"I'll take that as a no."

"Is this going to make those weird sounds that Church makes when he sleeps that keep me up all night stop?" Caboose asked, whispering, his eyes just as blood-shot as Donuts.

"I really fucking hope so," Donut mumbled

END

Star Shadow: Well, I hope you enjoyed that. Or at least I do anyway.

Dark Stratos: Simmons is that dark pink cyborg guy, right?

Star Shadow: â€| Anyway. For some clarification at the end here, Donut is tired because Simmons sleeps moans about Church, not because he can hear Church moaning all the way from the other side of Blood Gulch.

Dark Stratos: I pointed out that that didn't make much sense.

Star Shadow: When I started typing this out, I had a flashback to events the morning before planned. As I got to the end of the story, I realized that it just didn't fit anywhere.

Dark Stratos: We'd love to hear what you think about our/her writing. Give us feedback, whether it be good, bad, or just a general flame because this section the FF.N is filled with way too many heterosexual guys.

Star Shadow: Onto the next part, for our returning readersâ€|

Dark Stratos: Oh yeah, people. We're back from our very very long hiatus.

Star Shadow: And we're living in the same city again. This means we can update everything we neglected. All our stories, chapters we need to run past each other, spoofs, and all that.

Dark Stratos: I'd tell you to expect updates soon, but I don't know if that'll happen with college starting up again n Monday.

Star Shadow: Please see our profile on where we've been for the past year. Love ya!

End
file.